

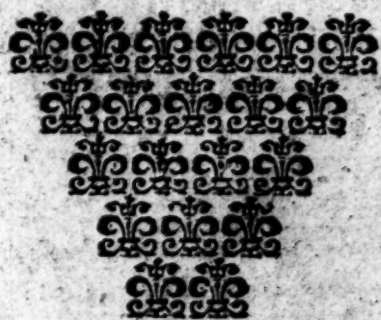
⁴⁵⁰
The Husband,

A

P O E M.

Expressed in

A Compleat Man.



L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars*,
near the *Water-side*. 1710.

The Husband

A

POEM



A Complete History



LONDON
CHARLES CLARK,
18 TOTHAM-62.

In the List of Poems written by Anonymous Authors
Vol. 2. Poetical Register is



The Husband - Written by a Lady -

It is stated afterwards that these Anonymous Poems
are chiefly to be found in "Dryden's Miscellanies"
- The State Poems - Sir R. Steele's Poetical Miscellanies
Oxford & Cambridge - Miscellany &

Does Mr Gardyne know in which the "Husband"
is to be found?

The Husband, a Poem. Express'd
in a Complaint. 1760.
Under date 1814. with
Gentric's a Poem, ^{with} under the
whole of this title. says that
according to Longman's Catalogue
only one copy exists. This is
described at length in
Bib. Ang. Poetica - with
extracts which shew it
to be the same as the reprint
of 1760. & it there happens
to be by a Lady. The
answer to Overbury's wife
The Husband, sent to Lady
as written by a Lady must
be some other piece.

The Husband,

P O E M.

L I F E was inspir'd, the first Life was Divine,
Then Life divided was : The Number Two
Made both unequal ; but the chiefest sign
Of Duty is to think, and then to do :

Both which had purchas'd a perpetual Life,
If *Adam* had been equal with his Wife.

For then inferior Woman had not strove
To tempt her Monarch : Who did thoughtless yield,
Seeing he had none equal nor above,
But his Creator, in the spacious Field :

Thinking for any there was then no room,
But for himself, himself to overcome.

So did one weaker, and one far below,
Subvert the Folly of Man's poor Conceit :
For he did only Good and Evil know,
By Prospect, not by Burthen or by Weight !
Thus though no living Creature well could reach
His Worth, yet Woman could his Will impeach.

And hence it comes that all inferior Forms,
Traduce the worthy Shape which is above:

Our Ocean is distracted, by the Storms
Invifible: And Luck forfakes true Love:

Thus *Adam* though he knew the Guilt of Sin,
Yet knew he not the Curfe which was within.

So *Adam's* Dignity was over-match'd,
Not match'd: And fo Conspiracies destroy
The Cause remote; but they away are snatch'd
E'er with Succels they can the fame enjoy:

For we deceive our Memories indeed,
When we deprive, we ftill hope to fucceed.

Nor *Adam's* Will may fimply be excus'd.
For he had Power to reftrain his Will:
Yet Flefh fo far his Heavenly Part abus'd,
To fhew he could not be exempt from Ill:

And we have taken the fame Prefident,
That we might know by our Experiment.

From *Adam* we derive Infirmary,
And fomewhat more: He never knew the Name
Of Child but Youthful, for Minority,
Of doubtful Practice purchas'd all his Blame:

But (the Compleat Man which in Figure lies,
Being his own) he might have Prejudice.

For if we fleep away the Name of Child,
As *Adam* did; and when we firft awake,
But at full Age, or may be truly ftill'd
As perfect Men by Knowledge: this doth make

No full difproof: For we do only guefs

Until we try bad Luck or Happinefs.

Gold I may know, yet never know the Weight:
I may difcern the dusky Colour dark,
In fome deep Vault; but never know the Height,
Till I defcend: I hear Tones, not the Lark,

Till

(5)
Till I approach : So *Adam* he did see
The Colour only, not the Quantity.

Adam was first a Man, but was alone,
His Marriage was a thing of Consequence;
And better Husband than himself was none,
Because the first: All Acts were Innocence
Except the first, which being set aside,
Adam (to us) might soon be Stellify'd.

Husband, with *Adam* did begin to make
Man more supreme, than Nature could devise:
Nature (by Approbation) doth awake
Fancy; but Marriage makes our Fancy wise:
For if it thrive, we still seek to preserve,
If it thrives ill, we seek how to deserve.

Election is an Optick of the Soul,
Which chuseth Men far off, among the Croud,
Yes whilst unknown: we cannot Choice controul,
Although we do obscure it with a Cloud:
For Modesty may blush, but never can
Be able to resist her chosen Man.

Both Sexes have their Privilege alike
To chuse: But Woman hath Prerogative:
She may forbear, deny, and never strike
Till the just Hour, but Man doth still revive.
Each Minute's Fancy: And at first agree
To know by *Distance*, what the Hour will be.

All our Election is Conditional,
But Dotage is Election Absolute:
The end of both Fruition: But withal
The first is past when we enjoy the Fruit:
The second never doth enough enjoy,
Until we do the object clean destroy.

Dotage is servile, doth neglect, abuse,
And (like the Spaniel) doth become more fond:

A doating Husband can have no Excuse,
 But the consuming part of Wedlock's Bond :
 For 'tis attended ever with one Pain,
 To love, yet nothing to receive again.

She never was well match'd that chose a Man
 By Commendations of another's Tongue :
 Love makes the Choice : And Innocence the Swan
 May never with Adversity be stung.
 If he miscarry Woman doth lament
 The Cause : Not of her chosen Love repent.

But Friends Friend is a more deceitful Path
 Than Dotage for a Woman to conceive :
 Love neither Thanks nor Thoughts but Freedom hath,
 And Love to Praises may her Will bereave,
 Not her Affection : Dotage sees her own :
 But Objects only prais'd, are seldom known.

Love honours best and worst, both Rich and Poor,
 Tawny Complexion, Fair, and Swarth, and Black,
 With equal Vertue : Fancy is the Door,
 Love the Receiver : True Love cannot lack.
 The simple End, if but enjoy it can,
 Nor doth it wish, to love a better Man.

Nor must a Woman, therefore give Consent
 To take this Man, because she cannot call
 Another, Husband : Her Affections bent
 With being Sun-burnt ; and the very All
 Of her Intention is a crooked Piece,
 And only hangs about the Flesh or Fleec.

Humour is Nature's own Interpreter,
 And often doth against his Will express,
 Caution enough to some : Who can infer
 Judgment, by Signs of his Unsteadiness ?
 Safe is not sudden, nor is violent,
 Degrees make perfect Love, not our intent.

With Humour Melancholy hath a place;
 And is, (if graceful) a producing Art:
 But that which you discover by the Face,
 Makes Discontent appear: The middle part
 Of this inclines to Choler, though he purge,
 It comes again: And Discontent doth urge.

Yet Spleen is needful, and doth Relish give
 To thy just Credit, Diligence, and Mirth:
 Choler consumes all: And alone doth live;
 True Spleen implies a Sense, 'bove Clay and Earth:
 Choler excludes Mirth; Spleen submits, admits
 The Title Husband, in his Fore-head fits.

Youth saith he loves, and he may get Belief,
 If you persuaded be, he loves no more:
 Youth hath the quicker Spirit, but in brief,
 Full Man hath Futures, saw what went before.
 And searches rather to apply, than learn,
 For else Religion were a thing extern.

Old Men do marry first, then they would love,
 If they quickned up with Flattery:
 Else they est-soons more troublesome do prove,
 And will constrain a formal Amity.
 Like Children they avoid the dark: And stay
 Near fresh-warm Life, that Death might lose his way.

Jealous they are, not wrong'd with Jealousy,
 For he extends no further than himself:
 Nor doth he more esteem the Dignity
 Or Loss, than Carnal Beauty: Muckish Pelf
 He honours much: He is by Life implor'd,
 Only to love what cannot be restor'd.

A Batchelor is to be doubted more
 Than Widower, not to be fear'd so much:
 Doubts be of that which never was before,
 Fear of what hath been, lest it should be such:

In Mischief: But where first Love firmly stood,
Then fear the second cannot be so good.

Although you doubt of such as never knew
The Force of Wedlock, yet conceive some hope:
For though (unmarried) such do prove untrue,
Husband, may change their most lascivious Scope.
A Wife adds Ballance: Makes him still rely
Much upon her, much on Posterity.

But Widowers, if they did first abuse
Wedlock: The Sequel you may justly fear
By instance: If they did directly chuse
And love the first; they will forgetless bear
That Love till Death: So precious Ointments leave
An Odour, though the Substance you bereave.

When therefore such a Man thou dost behold
With Reason's Eye; survey the Body last:
Chuse where his Love was rather young, than old,
With chief relation to his Marriage past.
Love him who truly did not love before,
Rather than such a one, who lov'd *no more*.

Male doth not make the Man, but Majesty,
That knows no more of Comely than command;
If either do exceed; his Dignity
Becomes effeminate; or doth withstand
The pleasing Humour of smooth-breasted Love,
And comes too nigh, or doth too far remove.

Decent with him is fairly beautiful,
And if his well-grac'd Carriage can express
A valiant Beauty, to abhor the Gull:
To make his Mind, not Strength the Happiness
Of Shame's Encounter, yet include his Strength,
His clear Distinction hath a Husband's Length.

Deformity of Limbs Inferior,
Is no essential part of Womens Hate:

The

The Smile, Voice, Countenance, be superior;
 And do exprefs enough, or to abate,
 Or multiply the Sparks of Womens Love,
 But things indifferent cannot purchase Love.

The Glofs and Varnish of a Husband's Choice,
 Be Cloaths, and good Behaviour: They attract
 Only, or else confirm: A filver Voice
 Meeting thefe unforeftall'd, doth well enact
 The Face's Admiration; and Elect
 That (then which) nothing can be more select.

Authority is a commanding Style,
 And doth impart fmall Motives to confent;
 Except the Match: If Perfonage be vile,
 Then fhe refpects not him, but her Extent.
 If he, or any love, without Love's Skill,
 It makes a Wife unchafte againft her Will.

Let his Profeflion be the World's, not thine,
 So, be it shameful, it offends not thee;
 Be it ingenious, it will combine
 Thy vow'd Affection: Things indifferent be.
 Which do depend upon fome principal,
 Take only that, and you enjoy them all.

Nor may the Love that you beftow on them,
 Give the due Honour unto him you chufe:
 But if you make his Majefty the Stem
 Of your Conceit, Love nothing will refufe:
 For Life and Motion follow perfect Health,
 As Love attracts the Complement of Wealth.

Take what he hath, and leave what he hath nor,
 To the Perfection of a better Age:
 Things un-existent are by Love begot;
 It doth with Futures prefent need affwage.
 If you fee Adjuncts, you propound a Limb,
 But do include all, by propounding him.

His Beard is but an outward Complement;
 And yet bewrays he hath had time to learn:
 Which well may serve (though some hath been mispent)
 To make a Husband; Fame the upper-Quearn
 Which grinds him, will discover what he is,
 Contempt of Fame may make him prove amiss.

Such Fame is Publick, and the Circumstances
 Of it, encourages a happy End;
 Contempt will purchase no Deliverance,
 Nor take due Motives: if he do commend.
 Fame with an Affectation he is proud,
 If he contemns, he cannot be allow'd.

Fame is our Hackney, not the Journey's end,
 He runs together, when we move our selves
 Goes backward, if the Rider him offend,
 And with incessant Speediness he delves
 The Grave of Goods Oblivion: Much trust
 In Fame deceives, too little, makes Men rust.

Take therefore such a Man that hath bestrid,
 The lack of Fame, where he is best beknown:
 Stipendious Voices ever will out-bid
 The common Rumour, which Report is grown
 A Tryal now, t'approve Good, and condemn,
 For Sins it calls Sins, though it nourish them.

Bad Fame is Black Completion to the Eye,
 And gives a bitter Taste to outward Form:
 A comely Villain pined we espy,
 Seldom by true Love, rescued from the Storm,
 For when she takes the Med'cine with the Weed,
 That Woman only, loves a Man indeed.

But your protesting Suitor runs too fast,
 He loves the Name of Husband, not the Wife:
 The Tongue bewrays the Judgment over-past,
 He doth exclude Necessity in Strife:

And like (the *Turkish* Captains) doth propound
Peace, where the Act of Conquest doth abound.

One too Officious, or too Eloquent,
The Tenor of his Meaning doth betray :
And rather practise a new Element,
Of Shadow than Affection : This delay
Confounds : Proves subtle, or imply
The vain Indulgence of Idolatry.

The true best Husband never doth divide
Affection into Rags : But holds entire :
To Wife his Love is one : Nor is deny'd,
Nor looks above himself : The noble Hire
Of that alone deserves an equal Wife,
For all his Age is but another's Life.

The Woman's Birth, with Beauty being compar'd,
Is nothing to the Man : His Pedigree
Weighed with bad Fame : Is but to be ensnar'd
Betwixt two Mischiefs : Honour makes up three.
Remove that Fame, they both are excellent,
Add, and it makes the Ill more Eminent.

Wealth she may take, but cannot chuse the Wealth
If she loves well : Nor may she Wealth despise,
Although she hath enough : The outward Stealth
Of Fame and Credit on Expences lies,
With many more : Wealth is medicinal
To the true Master, and Official.

Good Nature is with Men much better far,
Than is the same with Women : Or than Art
Is in themselves : Balm doth reduce a Scar,
Poyson applied, his Gall it doth impart :
The Medicine operates and not the Wound,
Woman by Man's good Nature still is bound.

But Man more head-strong cannot so exchange
His Nature, though his Art perhaps he may :

Nature

Nature is long acquainted : Art is strange
 Until by Labour it provokes a Way :
 Love lends through Liberality : And Joy
 Borrows them both, but cannot both destroy.

To chuse a Man by Art is frivolous,
 For you must love his Nature, not his Art;
 He cannot Art bestow in Love, and thus,
 You challenge Nature as the chiefest part;
 Which doth retain it self, yet render all,
 The Noble Part of Love is natural.

Art is too subtle : Nature is too plain;
 Nature comes bare-fac'd, Art is double mask'd:
 Love walks between ; rejects all meer Disdain,
 And doth discover what he is unmask'd :
 If he miscarry, he doth rather know
 His Debt unpaid, than go about to owe.

The Father not the Husband loves the Child,
 The Husband not the Father loves the Wife :
 Familiar with himself is nothing wild
 His Wife's himself entire : No venial Strife
 Unwishes : But their one Society
 Holds a Proportion no Propriety.

They love their Children as the Soul of both,
 The Soul's Affections crave unequal rate :
 Some follow Indiscretion, Shame, and Sloth,
 Those we reclaim first ; then we banish Hate ;
 Which leaves the Organ and resists the Vice,
 Bad Children once ; good be respected twice,

Love still survives, and quickens in the Loss,
 The Wife inherits all the Husband's Love :
 As he receives of her : The chiefest Gloss
 Of that Inheritance, is to approve
 The Care as welcome ; not unjustly view
 The Cause so far as to ingender new.

With

With Women things indifferent, which draw
 A Disproportion to their Passive Sex,
 May (by the Justice of our common Law)
 Much Dignity to civil Man annex:

And we may safer about him conclude,
 That want of Learning makes the Husband rude.

Safer than say she hath a pregnant Wit,
 And therefore will become a Noble Wife:

For such Humility will scarce submit

To his Directions: He should use the Knife

She make it more acute: She may contest,

He only know her Scope, and so digest:

But whilst you do survey the Body's Grace,

You see Reflection of the Thoughts within:

Which (as Reflection) if you make a place

For proper Objects quickly will begin

To give their Ventage: Every Man doth please

Some Eye (though Brutish) if he hides disease.

That makes him nearer Death; whilst Reason's Eye

Looks to the Image, which may well survive;

And shew a Comfort in the Company

Of equal Worth, whilst it remains alive:

For *Hymens* Torch is lighted: And the Wife

Doth wholly think upon a Blessed Life.

Which with good Husbands is perpetual Spring

It hath no Yearly Seasons; but retains

Still the same Effence: yet insatiate brings

All unto her; that all with him remains:

For Love (a precious Alchimy) if true;

Converts, being ready to convert a-new.

This Husband sometimes may have leave to frown

He doth infuse a Relish to his Joy;

Which brings the fulsome Pleasure sweetly down,

But never doth Affections force destroy:

For Love (though it assume new Quality)
Keeps (if not adds unto) old Quantity.

He rather loves, not least he should offend,
So much, as to preserve his Amity :
For who is dutiful, or doth amend
Only to please; implies Servility.

Rather I'll be divorc'd, and so forbear
To love at all, than love a Wife with Fear.

Yet (being chief) I wisely would contrive,
Not to oppress her Patience with Grief :
That most concerns me ; but I would deprive
Her of her own ; by comforted Relief.

I in no Discontent will Partner make
My Wife; she only should in Joy partake.

Yet to abridge her of Domestick Care,
Is to become indulgent without Cause ;
Wives not desiring Rule is very rare ;
That in her Household profitable draws,
The Current of her Blood another way ;
And makes her see the Morrow, in this Day,

So shall he have, and not her Aid implore ;
And so permits no Empire to take place :
A Wife should be a Mistress now no more ;
But the Vice-gerent to her Husband's Grace.
So whilst he limits Care that may oppress,
Her Care becomes a private Happiness.

My Husband faintly looks upon Disease,
With a lamenting Fear to be bereft,
Of that, which (above Flesh) did Nature please ;
Of that, whose dear Society is left
Only in Thought: If one forsake Life's Fire,
Husband and Wife (I say) do both expire.

Now as for Death which strangely doth affright,
The Joys of Marriage, when they fall perforce ;

True

True Love, it, never can well disunite,
Though Love protested makes a full Divorce,
The first a Pattern keeps (though Death destroy
Our Carcass) of the Soul and Heavenly Joy.

So be he prais'd, true relisht and adorn'd
With all Felicity ; if you persuade
Love to accept him, take the rest unscorn'd
But not unconstrued : Our Inventions made
Fortune's external Purchase reverence,
But Love (Divine) was made of Innocence,

Explicit.

The Author's Catastrophe.

SOUL, thy aspiring part which doth converse
With more than outward Man, may thus behold
His hidden Fabrick ; and divinely pierce
Into Records of Truth, which lay enroll'd
So long before Creation ; to express
The heightned Pattern of true Holiness.

Look upwards then, to that Eternal Cause,
Which by a potent Miracle, hath rear'd
Man to the Orb of Dignity ; by Laws
Of Disquisition ; rather to be fear'd
Than followed as the Architect of Man ;
Who measures immense Bodies by a Span.

For when some Heads, among the crouded Heap,
Derive a more peculiar Extent
Of Knowledge, than the rest ; who seldom reap
More than Tradition, or Experiment ;
Then that supreme All-mover I may see,
Which moves mixt Earth and Wisdom by degree.

Thus

Thus be allay'd then (my commanding Soul)
 Through Meditation of thy Earthly Part :
 Converse with Flesh, but ever do controul
 And not partake with Body : So the Heart
 Will tremble in Delight of Earthly Good,
 When it remembers Flesh, and mortal Blood.

Both which with purblind Men so much prevail,
 As though my Labour hath exactly writ
 A Husband's Form ; yet will they rather rail
 Cause (I think) unable or unfit
 To practise all, than all to understand ;
 So my Impression will but touch the Sand.

As for the Woman, whom I never knew,
 Beyond her Gloss, and my external Sight :
 I dare not counsel, to create a-new
 Her often envious and oft stubborn Spright :
 Yet if she only looks upon the Leaves,
 Her Glass and Painting not so soon deceives.

Nor hath my purpose been to challenge hence
 The dear Opinion of that Female Sex :
 By making them privy to my Pretence
 As if I could not their Ambitions vex :
 For though I thus describe, yet I infer,
 None may love me, except I first love her,

So let me single or un shipwrack'd stand,
 To view the Tempest-stricken Mariner :
 Upon a Rock, safer than Sea, or Land,
 To give good Warning ; while the Fates inter
 My humbled Carcass on the muddy Shore,
 To be a Model of what went before.

10 JU 68

F I N I S.